

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XII.

AN Indiana town may lie asleep a long while, but it always wakes up some time. And Plattville woke up in August, when the Herald became a daily. It was then that history began to be made. The Herald printed news. It had made a connection with the Associated Press, and it was sold every morning at stands in every town in that section of the state. Its circulation tripled. Two new men were brought from Rouen for the editorial and reportorial staff, and Parker talked of new presses. During the first week of the daily venture Eph Watts struck oil, and the Herald boomed the field. People swarmed into town; the hotel was crowded; strangers became a sensation whatever. A capitalist bought the whole north side of the square to erect new stores, and the Carlow bank began the construction of a new bank building of Bedford stone on the corner opposite the Herald. Then it was whispered, next affirmed, that Main street was to be asphalted. That was the end of the "old days" of Plattville.

But the man who had laid the foundation upon which the new Plattville was to be built, he who through the quiet labor of years had stamped his spirit on the people, lay sick in his friend's house and did not care.

Tom Meredith had taken him from the hospital to his own home on a quiet street in Rouen, and John was well enough of his hurts to be taken abroad sometimes in a victoria, where he reclined, gray and thin, seemingly no more than a long afternoon shadow. But for days he would lie in a lethargy that made Tom despair. The soul of the country editor was sick inside of him; he was weary and worn, and pain had left him dulled, except when he thought of returning to Plattville; then he felt physical horror. The place did not need him, nor be the place. Fiske had found a young relative to run the Herald, who signed his typewritten business letters "H. Fiske" in a strapping hand that suggested six feet of muscle spattering ink on its shirt sleeves.

John wondered idly where old Fiske had raked up a relative, and he thought it probable that H. Fiske was a Yankee cousin of the old man, but he did not care much for that or for anything except to keep away from Carlow for the rest of his life, since he was to live. And there was no longer need to go there. He was glad to know that H. Fiske had written him before the oil bubbled in Eph's wells that to buy stock in Mr. Watts' company might be profitable, especially as the stock was then so low that it was almost imperceptible, and Harkless had a little money he had saved. He let Meredith arrange it for him, and a few days later the stock leaped cloudward.

However, his modest riches interested him as little as did everything else. He left his bed less and less, took no more drives, and his lethargy deepened.

The only thing in which he showed interest was the congressional campaign of the district. It was far advanced before the Herald spoke of it at all, and Harkless saw that McCune had lifted his head.

One day Tom came in and found him writing on a pad on his knee.

Rouen, Sept. 2.

Dear Mr. Fiske—Yours of the 1st to hand, I entirely approve all arrangements you have made. I think you understand that I wish you to regard everything as in your own hands. You are the editor of the Herald and have the sole responsibility for everything, including policy, until after proper warning. I relieve you in person, if that ever happens, but until that time regard me as a mere spectator. You have done very much better than all matters I could have done myself. At present I have only one suggestion: I observe that your editorials concerning Hallway's nomination are something lukewarm. It is very important that he be renominated, not so much on account of assisting his return to Washington (for he is no Madison), but because McCune must be beaten if we have to send him to the penitentiary on an old issue to do it. The man is corrupt to the bone. He has been bought and sold, and I am glad the proofs of it are in your hands, as you tell me you found them, as I expected, in my desk. The papers you hold drove him into politics, and you should have printed them last week, as I suggested. Do so at once; the time is short. The Herald is a paper that not so long ago was an honest one, and it isn't afraid of Rod McCune and his friends. Please let me see as hearty a word as you can say for Hallway. Please let us have some in this matter. I am, very truly yours,

JOHN HARKLESS.

When the letter was concluded, he handed it to Meredith. "Please address that, put a 'special' on it and send it, Tom. It ought to go at once, so as to reach him tonight."

"H. Fiske?"

"Yes—H. Fiske."

"I believe it does you good to write, boy," said the other as he bent over him. "You look more chirrupy than you have for several days."

"It's that best McCune. This young Fiske is rather queer about it. I felt stirred up as I went along." But even before the sentence was finished the favor of age and utter weariness returned, and the dark lids closed over his eyes. They opened again slowly and he took the other's hand and looked up at him mournfully; but, as it were, his soul shone forth in dumb and eloquent thanks.

"I'm giving you a jolly summer, Tom," he said, with a quivering effort to smile. "Don't you think I am?"

"I don't—I don't know what I should have done—"

"You old Indian!" said Meredith tenderly.

Three days later Tom was rejoiced by symptoms of invigoration in his patient. A telegram came for Harkless, and Meredith, bringing it into the sick room, was surprised to find the occupant sitting straight up on his couch without the prop of pillows. He was reading the day's copy of the Herald, and his face was flushed and his brow stern.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Mismanagement, I hope," said the other in a strange voice; "worse, perhaps. It's this young Fiske. I can't think what's come over the fellow. I thought he was a treasure beyond dreams, and he's turning out bad. I'll swear it looks like they'd been—well, I won't say that yet, but he hasn't printed that McCune business I told you of, and he's had two days. There is less than a week before the convention, and—"

He broke off, seeing the yellow envelope in Meredith's hand. "Is that a telegram for me?" His companion gave it to him. He tore it open and read the contents. They were brief and unhappy.

"Can't you do something? Can't you come down? It begins to look the other way."

"Tom, give me that pad and pencil," said the sick man. He rapidly dashed off a note to H. Fiske.

Sept. 5.

H. Fiske, Editor Carlow Herald:

Dear Sir—You have not acknowledged my letter of the 1st of September by a note (which should have reached me the following morning) or by the alteration in the tenor of my columns which I requested, or by the publication of the McCune papers which I directed. In this I hold you grossly at fault. If you have a conscientious reason for refusing to carry out my request it should have been communicated to me at once, as should the fact—such as the case—that you are a personal (or impersonal, if you like) friend of Mr. Rodney McCune. Whatever the motive which prevents you from operating my paper as I direct, I should have been informed of it. This is a matter vital to the interests of our community, and you have hitherto shown yourself too alert in accepting my slightest suggestion for me to construe this failure as negligence.

You will receive this letter by 7 this evening, by special delivery. You will print the facts concerning McCune in tomorrow morning's paper.

I am well aware of the obligations under which your extreme efficiency and your thoughtfulness in many matters have placed me. It is to you I owe my unearned profits from the transaction in oil, and it is to you I owe the Herald's extraordinary present circulation, growth of power and influence. That power is still under my direction and is an asset responsibility which shall not be misapplied.

Are you sorry for McCune? I warned him long ago that the papers you hold should be published if he ever tried to return to political life, and he is deliberately counting on my physical weakness and absence. Let him rely upon it—I am not so weak as he thinks. I am sorry for him from the bottom of my heart, but the Herald is not.

You need not reply by letter. Tomorrow's issue answers for you. Until I have received a copy I withhold my judgment.

JOHN HARKLESS.

Tomorrow's issue—that fateful print on which depended John Harkless' opinion of H. Fiske's integrity—contained an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, warning them to act for the vital interest of the community and declaring that the opportunity to be given them in the present convention was a rare one, a singular piece of good fortune indeed. They were to have a chance to vote for a man who had won the love and respect of every person in the district—one who had suffered for his championship of righteousness; one whom even his few political enemies confessed they held in personal affection and esteem; one who had been the inspiration of a new era; one whose life had been helpfulness, whose hand had reached out to every struggler and unfortunate; a man who had met and faced danger for the sake of others; one who lived under a threat for years, and who had been almost overborne in the fulfillment of that threat, but who would live to see the sun shine on his triumph, the tribute the convention would bring him as a gift from a community that loved him. His name needed not to be told. It was on every lip that morning and in every heart.

Tom was eagerly watching his companion as he read. Harkless fell back on the pillows with a drawn face, and for a moment he laid his thin hand over his eyes in a gesture of intense pain.

"What is it?" Meredith said quickly.

"Give me the pad, please."

"What is it, boy?"

The other's teeth snapped together.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it?"

It's treachery, and the worst I ever knew. Not a word of the accusation I demanded—lying praises instead! Read that editorial—there, there! He struck the page with the back of his hand and threw the paper to Meredith. "Read that miserable lie! 'One who has won the love and respect of every person in the district.' 'One who has suffered for his championship of righteousness.' Righteousness! Save the mark!"

"What does it mean?"

"Mean! It means McCune, Rod McCune, 'who has lived under a threat for years'—my threat. I swore I would print him out of Indiana if he ever raised his head again, and he knew I could. Almost overborne in the fulfillment of that threat—almost! It's a black scheme, and I see it now. This man came to Plattville and went on the Herald for nothing in the world but this. It's McCune's hand all along. He dares't name him even now, the coward! The trick lies between McCune and young Fiske—the old man is innocent. Give me the pad. Not almost overborne. There are three good days to work in, and if Rod McCune sees congress it will be in his next incarnation."

He rapidly scribbled a few lines on the pad and threw the sheets to Meredith. "Get those telegrams to the Western Union office in a rush, please. Read them first."

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gallop that



"What is it?" he cried.

With wide eyes Tom read them. One was to Warren Smith:

Take prompt action. This is your authority. Publish McCune papers, so labeled, which H. Fiske will hand you. Beat McCune. JOHN HARKLESS.

The second was addressed to H. Fiske:

You are relieved from the cares of editorship. You will turn over the management of the Herald to Warren Smith. You will give him the McCune papers. If you do not or if you destroy them you cannot hide where I shall not find you. JOHN HARKLESS.

CHAPTER XIII.

VERY early in the morning a messenger boy stumbled up the front steps of Meredith's house and handed the colored servant four yellow envelopes, night messages. The man carried them upstairs, left three with his master's guest, then knocked on Meredith's door till a response assured him that the occupant was awake and slid the fourth envelope under the door. Meredith lay quite without motion for several minutes, sleepily watching the yellow rhomboid in the crevice. It was a hateful looking thing to mix itself in with a pleasant dream and insist on being read, but after a while he climbed groaningly out of bed and perused the message with heavy eyes, still half asleep. He read it twice before it penetrated.

Suppress all newspapers today. Convention meets at 11. If we succeed, a delegation will come to Rouen this afternoon. They will come. HELEN.

Tom rubbed his sticky eyelids and shook his head violently in a Spartan effort to rouse himself, but what more effectively performed the task for him were certain sounds that issued from Harkless' room across the hall. For some minutes Meredith had been dully conscious of a rumble and clatter in the hallway, and he began to realize that no mere tossing upon a bed would account for a noise that reached him across a wide hall and through two closed doors of thick wattle. Suddenly he heard a quick, heavy tread, shod, in Harkless' room, and a resounding bang as some heavy object struck the floor. The doctor was not to come till evening. The servant had gone downstairs. Who in the sick man's room wore shoes? He rushed across the hall in his pajamas and threw open the unlocked door.

The bed was disarranged and vacant. Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor hurling garments at a small trunk. The horrified Meredith stood for a second bleached and speechless; then he rushed upon his friend and seized him with both hands.

"Mad, by heaven! Mad!"

"Let go of me, Tom!"

"Lunatic! Lunatic!"

"Don't stop me one instant!"

Meredith tried to force him toward the bed. "No: get back to bed. You're delirious, boy!"

"Delirious nothing! I'm a well man!"

"Go to bed! Go to bed!"

Harkless set him out of the way with one arm. "To bed!" he cried. "I'm going to Plattville!"

Meredith wrung his hands. "The doctor—"

"Doctor be hanged!"

"What in the name of all that's terrible is the matter, John?"

His companion slung a light overcoat, unfolded, on the overflowing, misshapen bundle of clothes that lay in the trunk, then he jumped on the lid with both feet and kicked the haps into the lock, while a very elegantly laundered cuff and shirt sleeve dangled out from under the fastened lid. "I haven't one second to talk, Tom; I have eight minutes to catch the express. It's more than a mile to the station, and the train leaves here at 9:02. I get there at 10:47. Telephone a cab for me, please, or tell me the number. I don't want to stop to hunt it up."

Meredith looked him in the eyes. In the pupils of Harkless flared a fierce light. His cheeks were reddened with an angry, healthy glow, and his teeth were clenched till the line of his jaw stood out like that of an embattled athlete. His brow was dark, his chest was thrown out, and he took deep, quick breaths. His shoulders were squared, and in spite of his thinness they looked massy. Lethargy or malaria, or both—whatever his ailment—it was gone. He was six feet of hot wrath and cold resolution.

Tom said, "You are going?"

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I am going."

"Then I will go with you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Harkless simply.

Meredith ran into his room, pressed an electric button and began to dive into his clothes with a panting rapidity astonishingly foreign to his desire. The colored man appeared in the doorway.

"The cart, Jim!" shouted his master.

"We want it like lightning. Tell the cook to give Mr. Harkless his breakfast in a hurry. Set a cup of coffee on the table by the front door for me. Run! We've got to catch a train. That will be quicker than any cab," he explained to Harkless. "We'll break the ordinance against fast driving getting down there."

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gallop that



RUSSIAN CAVALRY SCOUTS AT HARBIN, MANCHURIA.

The pride of Russia's army is the cavalry, and it is in this branch of the service that she undoubtedly, man for man, far outclasses Japan. While the Russian horse soldier is not exactly the embodiment of gentleness and refinement, it cannot be denied that he knows how to ride, how to fight and how to take a setback without whining. In fact, it is said that the Russian cavalry is never so dangerous as it is immediately after a somewhat serious reverse. The illustration shows a detachment of cavalry starting from Harbin for a neighboring village, to which it has been assigned for scouting duty.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE IN MUKDEN.



MANTCHOO GUARD AND PRISONER.

Mukden is at present under Russian control, although China nominally governs the city. For that reason scenes like those depicted are common in this old town, which is the capital of Manchuria and was the original seat of the Manchoo dynasty, which now rules the empire. The walls of Mukden were once thought to be impregnable, but a single shot from a comparatively obsolete gun would now send them tumbling about the ears of their defenders.



THE WALLS OF MUKDEN.

pained the respectable neighborhood. The big horse plunged through the air, his ears laid flat toward his tail. The cart careened sickeningly, and the face of the servant clutching at the rail in the rear was smeared with pallor as they piroquetted around curves on one wheel. To him it seemed they skirted the corners and death simultaneously, and the speed of their going made a strong wind in their faces.

Harkless leaned forward. "Can you make it a little faster, Tom?" he said. They dashed up to the station amid the cries of people dying to the walls for safety. The two gentlemen leaped from the cart, bore down upon the ticket office, stormed at the agent and ran madly at the gates, flourishing their passports. The official on duty eyed them wearily. "Been gone two minutes," he remarked with a peaceable yawn.

Harkless stamped his foot on the cement flags; then he stood stock still, gazing at the empty tracks, but Meredith turned to him, smiling. "Won't it keep?" he asked.

"Yes, it will keep," John answered. "Part of it may have to keep till election day, but some of it I will settle before night. And that," he cried between his teeth, "and that is the part of it in regard to young Fiske!"

"Oh, it's about H. Fiske, is it?"

"Yes, it's H. Fiske."

"Well, we might as well go up and see what the doctor thinks of you; there's no train."

"I don't want to see a doctor again ever—as long as I live. I'm as well as anybody."

Tom burst out laughing and clapped his companion lightly on the shoulder, his eyes dancing with pleasure. "Upon my soul," he cried, "I believe you are. A miracle wrought by the wrath and indignation! That's rather against tradition, isn't it? Well, let's take a drive."

"Meredith," said the other, turning to him gravely, "you may think me a fool if you will, and it's likely I am, but I don't leave this station except by train. I've only two days to work in, and every minute lessens our chances to beat McCune, and I have to begin by wasting time on a tussle with a traitor. There's another train at 11:55; I don't take any chances on missing that one."

"Well, well," laughed his friend, pushing him good humoredly toward a door by a red and white striped pillar, "we'll wait here if you like. But at least go in there and get a shave; it's a clean shop. You want to look your best if you are going down to fight H. Fiske."

"Take these, then, and you will understand," said Harkless, and he thrust his three telegrams of the morning into Tom's hand and disappeared into the barber shop. When he was gone Meredith went to the telegraph office in the station and sent a line over the wires to Helen: "Keep your delegation at home. He's coming on the 11:55."

Then he read the three telegrams Harkless had given him. They were all from Plattville.

Sorry cannot oblige. Present incumbent tenacious. Delicate matter. No hope for K. H. But don't worry. Everything all right. WARREN SMITH.

Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor.

H. Fiske.

JUST A FRIENDLY COMMENT.



"Just as the train was leaving the handsomest man entered the crowded car and sat down beside me. Unfortunately, however, he got off at the first station."

"Of course. He couldn't get off before."—Flegende Blaetter.

Not Beat Long. On matrimony he was bent, But ere the honeymoon Was over he'd spent his final cent—Oh, he was straitened soon.—Philadelphia Press.

WOLVES ARE HUNGRY

DESPERATE EXPEDIENTS TO GET FOOD IN THE FAR NORTH.

Their Usual Supply Cut Off by Deep Snow—Lumbermen's Shanty Broken Into at Night by Starving Pack.

According to a New York Sun correspondent, writing from Lachine, Can., the long winter has been very hard upon the wolves. The snow is over four feet deep in the northern woods, and as there has been no rain nor any thaw to make a crust it has been impossible for these sharks of the bush to move about freely.

Red deer, their chief food, were evidently warned by their instinct to prepare for an exceptionally hard season, and yarked, in every instance noted, in dense swamps, where browsing material is abundant, so that there has been no need for them to leave their well-trodden runways.

A guide named Beaudouin stumbled the other day upon a yard of 37 deer, and three cow moose, not very far from Lake Coulonge. The deer were all thin, but looked healthy and strong.

Fearing lest his snowshoe tracks should lead wolves to this fine herd of deer, Beaudouin retraced his steps for a few miles, taking care to keep a good distance from his actual path. Just at nightfall he made out an almost snow-white wolf gingerly picking its steps, planting its feet in the middle of the shoe print, just where the weight of the man had hardened the snow sufficiently to bear its weight. Beaudouin drew up close enough to plant a bullet through its forequarters and heart.

Up the Mattawa three teamsters found themselves pursued by seven wolves, which came up from the rear with such ferocity that, fearing for their lives, the men hastily broached a barrel

of pork and scattered its contents upon the road.

On the Upper Gatineau, Barney Moore, the foreman of a shanty which was short of hay, went to a beaver meadow a few miles away to replenish the supply. The stack contained about five tons, and stood about eight feet above the surface of the snow.

Near by he noticed the hoofs and head of a young moose lying in the snow, but not being a hunter in any sense of the word he paid no particular attention to the signs which would have told a great deal to an expert huntsman. As the night was fine and Barney was tired, he ate a biscuit and packed himself well under the hay to catch a few hours' sleep.

He was awakened by something jumping upon him, and instinctively threw out his arms with all his great strength to dislodge it. A loud howling ensued, and the man threw off his covering and investigated.

The noise proceeded, he found, from the snow at the bottom of the stack, where a gaunt old wolf was lifting up its voice in protest at the unceremonious manner in which it had been turned out of bed.

Barney killed the wolf and carried the body to the shanty, where to his surprise he found that although almost as big as a young steer, its weight was only just over 40 pounds.

On the Jean de Terre river, for the first time in the history of lumbering, wolves dashed open a shanty door one dark night while the men were sleeping. Four greedy creatures came tumbling in as the door fell and stood for an instant stupefied in the firelight.

Each of the 40 men in the bunks raised a shout at the sudden invasion, and no doubt the cowardly brutes would have turned tail hastily at the sound, had not one of them fastened its teeth in a quarter of beef. Immediately there was a terrific fight on among them.

An Indian runner, White Duck, happened to be in the shanty that night. To him the wolves meant peltry and gain. So, jumping along the upper tier of bunks, he sprang to the doorway and quickly lifted the door into position and set a barrel of flour against it to keep it closed. Then he killed the wolves at his ease. From their famished appearance it was judged that many days had passed since their last square meal.

Joke Was on Professor.

When Michael J. Fleming, now a prominent lawyer of Pottsville, Pa., was principal of the Donaldson high school, a few years ago, he had before him one day a very bright boy, but who was hopelessly stumped by a problem in algebra. Prof. Fleming got angry. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he said. "At your age George Washington was a surveyor." The boy looked his instructor straight in the eye and replied: "Yes, sir; and at your age he was president of the United States."

Light With Enraged Bull.

Young Lord Dalmeny with Cool Head and Clear Eye Finally Shoots the Wild Animal.

Lord Dalmeny, earl Rosebery's son, had the other day what is called an exciting encounter.

In Dalmeny's case, however, it was not a bull, but a bear.

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